

THE WASHINGTON TIMES DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE

To Rescue Your Husband
From Steaks and Chops
You Must Use FlavorsGood Sauce, Full Flavor and Appetizers Will Wean Him
From Extravagance When He Scoffs at the
Viscid Mass Called "Stew."By MRS. CHRISTINE FREDERICK,
(Copyright, 1915, by Newspaper Feature Service, Inc.)

"W HAT," asks a reader, "has the steak-and-chop husband to say for himself? I read good suggestions for economical meals, and meatless menus and stews-while-you-wait, but my husband won't eat them! He wants steaks and chops, and will not touch a 'made dish' of any kind. Yet he complains of the high figures of our monthly bills. Can't you go for him?"

I believe there are a number of steak and chop husbands throughout the land. I have an uncle myself who will eat only "meat he can see," which covers only the rib roast, porthouse, and loin chop groups. The husband of a friend to whom I was explaining the merits of a lentil roast scoffed at the idea, and declared her spouse would have none of it, and that anything short of a three-tier rib roast was scorned by the family provider. There is a question open on the table. Is it fair to have the steak and chop husband complain of the large bills? Why should he not be willing to pay the price of his own steaklet without a murmur? According to a recent editorial in a worthy publication, it is only now a question of moments before we shall have to kiss our last beefsteak good-by, and let our tears overflow into the mushroom sauce! I see a glorious opportunity for the earnest agriculturist—why not breed only those cattle with enlarged porthouse tendencies? If science has succeeded in increasing the yield of milk per cow, and if even the peasants know

the trick of coaxing a goose to enlarge her pate so that it shall be a pate de foie gras, cannot the enlarged porthouse become more common, and hence more cheap?

But to return to the steak-and-chop husband and his demands. Is it an inherent Americanism to insist only on meat you can see? I think not, because I see in the metropolitan eating-houses which boast the words, "Hungarian," or "French," or "Italian," or "Turkish," the most American of men eat and licking their lips over "guinea stew" and ragouts and concoctions which foreign cooks assemble. I know American men who prefer "lamb in paper box" (Turkish) or goulash (Hungarian), or "Casseroles aux herbes fines" (just French for plain stew made of beef short ribs) to any steak on the platter.

And so I must again state a position that I have given expression to already—the chief reason the steak-and-chop husband will eat nothing else is because he has never eaten "stew" made the right and appetizing way. No wonder he doesn't enjoy the library paste, viscid mass offered him as a "made dish" or which tastes the same when called by any other name! If American housewives are going to rescue their husbands from the extravagance of porthouse they will have to offer him taste, flavor, "chick," a really good sauce and more to tempt his appetite. I, too, enjoy the porthouse house on occasion. I will not guarantee to teach old husbands new eating tastes, but let us educate him from childhood to the joys of stew, and his wife of the future will rise up and call his mother blessed!

ADVICE TO GIRLS

By Annie Laurie

Dear Annie Laurie: My husband is everything a husband could be in the way of good habits. He never leaves me alone in the house. He hurries home from his work, and likes to find me there. He is saving with his money, except for me, and I must look nice, he says. He trusts me fully. He tells others what a clever little wife he has and all that. His heart, I know, is as deep as the sea, but alas! dear Annie Laurie, since our marriage, two years ago, his affectionate nature has been slowly evaporating. I know he loves me dearly, but he never says so. I keep on loving him, and show my interest and affection always, but it almost tears the heart from me when he does not outwardly, at least, return it and reciprocate. If I had not chosen to be sensible, we would have often quarreled. But I have gone so far as to wish he had every bad habit and no morals, but a great big lot of affection. What can I do?

BETSY.

W H Y, Betsy, what a funny, foolish Betsy you are. You are sure. Your husband loves you devotedly. Why do you want to make him over?

You took him for what he is, not for what some one else said he was, the best of him and of yourself, and be happy.

All the "affectionate" demonstrative men are excellent to read about. I've seen a good deal of a good many of that sort of men, and some of them do not continue their affections to one person. They're so affectionate that they have to make love to every woman they meet.

Be thankful for your good, true, devoted husband, and give yourself a good scolding for being dissatisfied with him for one single minute.

Dear Annie Laurie—I am a girl of nineteen, and I would like to have

Editorial For Women

If You Paint, Do It Well.

"S HE paints!" What an awful indictment this phrase is when uttered by some women! It suggests all sorts of horrors and complications, yet at the same time if one but dared to grasp these women firmly and apply a wet cloth to their cheeks, a layer of paint of some sort would in nine times out of ten rub off.

For American women paint, and if one can but take the word of a noted beauty specialist who is now in America, Mme. Helena Rubenstein, they paint very badly.

Perhaps it is because they are hypocritical that they paint so badly, for being so they do not have the advantage of the experiences of one another, each one denying stoutly the use of the cosmetic. Instead of exchanging knowledge upon its use.

Mme. Rubenstein says of American women and their manner of painting: "Painting is not wrong. It is only when it is done badly that it is vulgar and foolish. If a woman is naturally very pale and a touch of color makes her beautiful, surely there is nothing wrong in her applying the little touch of color."

"You American women use far more rouge than do the French. At least it seems that way from observation. And you do it so badly. Your women look like caricatures, many of them, with coloring put on thickly so that the ugly marks of neglect and ill use on their skins may not show."

Along with many other things, it seems that the American women must learn how to paint. And the very first step will be the absolute dismissal of the hypocrite from the remark: "She paints!" by merely taking away the exclamation point at the end of the remark and making it a mere statement.

"She paints."

your advice about a few things. I have been keeping company with a young man for some time. I have known him for about four years. I have gone with him for about two months this time. I went with him before, and we had quarrels and quit both times.

He seems to be good to me, and tries to please me. He never goes with other girls, and will do most anything to please me.

I like to do things to tease him and to even humiliate him. But when I go out on the street without him and then come home I tell him I was talking to other fellows, and that I went with other fellows when I haven't, just to see what he will say. And once I did make a date with another fellow, which I never expected to fill, and then came home and told him. It didn't seem to make him mad, but it seemed to hurt his feelings.

Should I do this? Do you think it is my fault that we quarrel and leave each other? Do you think it is my fault that he really does not love me? Do you think it is my love for each other that draws us together?

I think you are a very silly, self-conscious little girl. I don't wonder the man quarrels with you. You do not see why he does not go with you at all. If you like him, act like a sensible girl.

Why do you like him all the time? He is laughing at you, or he believes what you say and doesn't care about it. It is so "quaintish." It simply makes you silly.

Dear Annie Laurie—I am a married woman, twenty-four years old, and still holding my position as a stenographer. My employer (a married man) persists in calling me "Miss" all the time the same as before I was married. Do you think it is proper? I want to be respected, and my friends and I must not be ashamed to take my husband's name.

TROUBLED.

D O N'T be so fussy, little Miss Stenographer. The man who pays your salary doesn't care whether you're married or single, and you ought not to know, and should not care whether he is a bachelor or a married man.

What affair is it of yours, and what business are you private affairs to him? Let him call you "Miss" from 9 in the morning till 5 in the afternoon. He's just used to your old name, that's all, and he thinks you're sensible enough to understand.

As for your friends who are so free with their advice, perhaps they will get you another situation, and then they'll be into your head that will make you lose this one. If so, it might be worth your while to listen to them.

Dear Annie Laurie—I am sixteen years old and desperately in love with a young man ten years my senior. He is very handsome and I think he loves me. He often talks to me, and is very nice to me in many ways. I knew him before I came here.

He goes with a young lady much older than I. She is very jealous of me, and it makes her furious whenever I talk to him. Will you please tell me if I can tell him that this young man loves me, and if he does not, how can I win his love?

SWEET MARIE.

Sweet Marie, you may be sweet, but you are not particularly sensible or particularly kind or particularly conscientious.

What right have you to try to take this man away from his sweetheart?

Would you like it, if some one tried to take your sweetheart away from you?

And why do you think you can do it? Why do you think the man is in love with you?

What if he does talk to you, poor thing, must he be dumb and deaf just to keep out of your way?

Do you think a man must be in love with you if he just happens to talk agreeably to you now and then? Attend to your own affairs and let the young man and his sweetheart attend to theirs. They'll be better off, and so will you.

BUBBLES of FASHION

By Michelson



Peter's Adventures in Matrimony

By LEONA DALRYMPLE.

A PERPLEXING SITUATION.

I HAVE said often enough, heaven knows, that I did not understand myself in my attitude toward Joan Arbeck. I understood even less in the days that followed our eventful moonlight ride. When I thought merely of Joan and forgot Mary, I had a feeling that I might easily drift into caring too much for her. When, however, I thought of Mary, I gravitated between fits of jealousy over Hugh's attentions to her and prompt decision that I could never do without her.

Mary was something of a mystery to me these days. Her sparkling vivacity was a little fretful. She was given to fits of jealousy over Hugh's attentions to her and prompt decision that I could never do without her.

Little Danger Signs.

"Peter!" she burst forth very sharply at last, "if you clear your throat in that rasping way again, I'm sure I shall scream."

"I can't see what on earth there is about a frog in one's throat to get so upon your nerves."

"I can't help it," said Mary, with a quick little shiver of her shoulders, "but there is."

If I had been wiser I would have noticed how frequently the name of Hugh Jaynes was upon my wife's lips. She was always saying it, and I had shared that erroneous notion that intrigue begets silence. It isn't true, intense interest in one person begets an insane desire to speak of him or her, and so the name of Hugh Jaynes was very often on my wife's lips, as I have said.

We had drifted into further motoring parties, a trip to Brighton Beach and one to the city, and various excursions into the country. And little by little Mary seemed to grow more and more interested in Hugh.

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ter they have done the best they can in their studies they should not worry about their marks or standing in the public schools. The stress of our modern life tests the nerves of the staidest, and when young people are turned out of the schools with shattered nerves they stand little chance in the battle of life. In a New Jersey high school an eighteen-year-old girl drank laudanum in an attempt to commit suicide. She had been doing extra work in an effort to graduate this year so that she might enter college next year. When she got her report and found she had failed in chemistry, she drank the poison in the assembly room of the high school.

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Arbeck. Whenever my conscience called me to true account I knew that I wasn't. I did admit to myself, however, with a soul-lacking fit of rebellion, that I could love her if I did not keep my will sedulously on guard.

"Mary," I said another time, "we ought not to pair off in this ridiculous fashion when we go out. At home you would be horrified to death at the very suggestion. Let Hugh go with Joan, and you and I will stay together."

"Surely, Peter," said my wife wistfully, "it's all innocent enough, isn't it?"

"Of course it's innocent enough," I said, but I felt as if I said it a woman rarely sees dangers of this sort as a man does.

"Besides," I added jealously, "I don't like you, dear, to prefer another man's company to mine. And it has seemed to me several times of late that you rather slipped away from me to be with Hugh."

"My face was scarlet," said Mary. "There are times," she said, "when I hate Hugh."

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Overanxious School Children

(Frances Frear, in Leslie's).

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Plenty of Sleep and Food
Called Best Remedy For
Displacement of OrgansBy DR. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG.
(Copyright, 1915, by the Newspaper Feature Service, Inc.)

A SOUND stomach is a healthful body should lie like a crescent moon, slightly to the left of the middle line of the abdomen. Even when it becomes turbulent from intemperance or gluttony, it hedges not from its firm base. Stagnated with food and drink it may bulge from the engagement, but to this base it remains attached.

However, there are several disorders, such as loss of the fat pads and links which suspend the stomach like a hammock inside the abdominal cavity. Once these guy-ropes are stretched or torn, the stomach—often together with the other groups of tissues—drags and falls away from the niche in the anatomy made for it.

The Corrective Bandage.

To restore both the position of the organs and the proper suction within, which, like an exhaust, holds them, physical exercises, gymnastics suitable to give tone to the abdominal muscles, cold compresses, elastic bandages, and a corrective posture and carriage are necessary.

A bandage, which consists of a shield made of cloth, with three whalebone set straight to give it stability, should be worn.

This shield is buckled by three or four straps to a second one, worn across the spine. The lower strap is tight, the second slightly so, the third one is loose. This exerts just the correct pressure upward and backward, and forces the fallen structures into place. Whether at rest or applying the muscles, this should be worn. Exercise, however, and the bandage will not suffice alone. More sleep than usual is required.

Sleep the Healer.

All those who have these displaced conditions who fail to sleep, or at least to rest flat upon their backs with a low pillow for twelve hours in the twenty-four, cannot hope to be cured anatomically or emotionally.

All measures which promote the heaping up of fat within the tissues must be carried out. Five or six meals should be eaten during the day. The diet, if possible, after each meal. The regime should be composed of sweets, cream, butter, oils, fatty meats, dainties and rich vegetables. Each delectable particle must be well masticated. In brief, they should be chewed forty times and rolled round in the mouth like a delicious morsel.

Electricity and baths are co-operative aids in the building up of the flabby, loose, untone and carriage are necessary. Sooner these and physical culture methods are begun the better for the sufferer. The disease, that destroys all length, grows with its growth and strengthens with its strength.

Answers to Health Questions

R. R. Q.—I eliminated excessive sweets from my diet. A little improvement has been noticed, but my face has become pale since I cut down these foods. What different foods can I eat in order to restore a little color in my face?

A. You may eat spinach, carrots, cabbage, clear soups, fish, poultry, celery, salads, oatmeal, shredded wheat, and other cereals. Drink two quarts of fresh milk daily, also lots of cream and three quarts of water daily.

Be in the fresh air as much as possible and take lots of outdoor exercise. Sleep ten hours in the twenty-four, and have your room well ventilated.

C. G. E. Q.—I feel a pain in my left side on stooping over; also a pain in my spine. What can you advise as a remedy? In the Sunday Times paper you cite a similar case. Shall I use the same treatment? Are Bulgaria tablets and ox gall taken at the same time?

2. In what form is it best to eat fats and greases? 4. What can I use as a substitute for carbonated water? 5. Is twelve hours' work too much for one in my condition? 6. Have I case of lumbago?

A. 1. Massage the painful parts with ammoniated liniment and exercise the muscles in various ways. No, each case differs in some way. The diet should be taken at the same time. 3. They should be eaten as butter, cream, sweet oil, and meat fats. 4. Plain water is a good substitute. 5. Twelve hours is a too much for well people, much less for people in your condition. 6. Lumbago is not a name.

M. M. Q.—Takoma Park, Q. I have a sore at the tip of the tongue, and have taken treatment without success. What would you advise?

A. Have the X-rays taken on it.

MRS. E. H. R. Q.—See answer to Mrs. M. K. C., Takoma Park.

M. J. L. Q.—Is there any cure for enlarged toe joints? What kind of shoes should be worn?

A.—Bandage the toe tightly and massage it each night. Apply the electric battery three times a day to the enlarged joint. Wear a soft non-leather shoe.

W. E. P. Q.—You must go to the urological department of a large hospital and be treated.

SEEN IN THE SHOPS

By the Shopper

A LREADY summer materials

are being reduced to almost ridiculous prices. For example, the volles that sold for 25 cents a yard in an Eighth street department store at the beginning of the season are only 12 cents now. Even though it does seem early to be making up your mind to summer materials, why don't you try one as an experiment for a dress of more dressy material?

You know how distressing it is to make up an expensive dress and spoil it from sheer unfamiliarity with the pattern. You wouldn't feel half as badly if you spoiled a voile dress, and, of course, it is most possible that it will be a success anyway.

Crepe underclothing of almost every known variety is on sale for

50 cents at an Eleventh street department store. For this you can even buy undershirts, simply made, to be sure, but eminently useful in saving laundry bills. The chemises and combinations are run with pink or blue ribbons. As every one knows, this is the material that does not need ironing.

You can buy a small glass lemon dish with handles for 25 cents at an Eleventh street department store. There are a number of useful bits of silver that may be had for the same price.

An attractive group of walking and outing hats has been priced at \$5 in a Twelfth street shop. Most of these are of Panama, simply trimmed with a band of gros-grain. Others are of banyard straw with a band and a quill.

Three Minute Journeys

By TEMPLE MANNING.

Where Girls Beg in the Bitter Cold.

WITH the possible exception of the beggars in and about Constantinople, I think that the professional mendicants found throughout all Persia are the most persistent and convincing. The photograph from which this picture was made I took in Teheran.

The little girl, who could not have been over seven or eight years old, had been sent out in the snow to beg. To

further arouse the sympathy of the tourists, of whom there were a number in the city at the time, she was more than half-naked and shivered in the cold as she sat flat on the rough stone pavement, half dead from exposure, and wholly indifferent to the passers-by, who dropped many small coins in the little cup by her side.

"It is a profitable business. Always has it been and always will it be."

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Our high-grade "Chaumont" and "Kalliston" Seamless Rugs offer advantages not obtainable in any other Floor Coverings at such low prices. Quality wools and dyes only are used in these fabrics.

The "Chaumont" is a very durable weave of deep, soft pile; made in one piece with no seams, in beautiful Plain Color and Two-tone effects, and in Oriental and other artistic designs. Any special size desired, up to 20 feet wide, made to order. Stock size, 9 ft. x 12 ft., \$52.50.

The "Kalliston" is an extremely serviceable Rug of attractive appearance; made without seams in any width up to 12 ft., in beautiful Plain Solid Colors and Two-tone effects. Size 9 ft. x 12 ft., \$43.00.

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If you are suffering from eczema, ringworm or similar itching, red, unsightly skin affection, bathe the sore places with Resinol Soap and hot water, then gently apply a little Resinol Ointment. You will be astonished how instantly the itching stops and healing begins. In most cases the sick skin quickly becomes clear and healthy again, at very little cost.

Resinol Ointment and Resinol Soap also clear away pimples, blackheads and dandruff. Sold by all druggists; for trial free, write to Resinol, Dept. 23, Baltimore, Md.

Question Box

Lucile Bowling and Julia McArdle—Arthur M. Winfield, author of the "Rover Boys" Series, is really Edward Stratton, who has written stories under his own name and two pen-names as well. He was born in 1862, and lives in Newark, N. J. If you wrote to him there, he might be able to tell you whether he intends adding to the series. Use his true name when you write.

Ralph Edmonds—Perhaps you could secure permission to practice one of the most of the high school ranges, since you are in the eighth grade. From your address the one at Eastern High School would be the nearest. Mr. Schwartz is in charge of rifle practice there. Mr. Wilson is in charge at Technical.

G. H. R.—You will find the name of the firm you wish in the business directory of the city directory, classified under its head. Names and addresses of business firms cannot be printed in these columns.

A. F. Williams—Officers in fraternities vary and some are given special names. However, there is sure to be a president, vice president, secretary (both corresponding and recording), treasurer, and sergeant-at-arms. Some fraternities have, in addition, a chaplain, a flag bearer, a sponsor, and a keeper of the fraternity constitution.

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Try this! Doubles beauty of your hair and stops it falling out.

Your hair becomes light, wavy, fluffy, abundant, and appears as soft, lustrous, and beautiful as a young girl's after "Danderine hair cleanse." Just try this—moisten a